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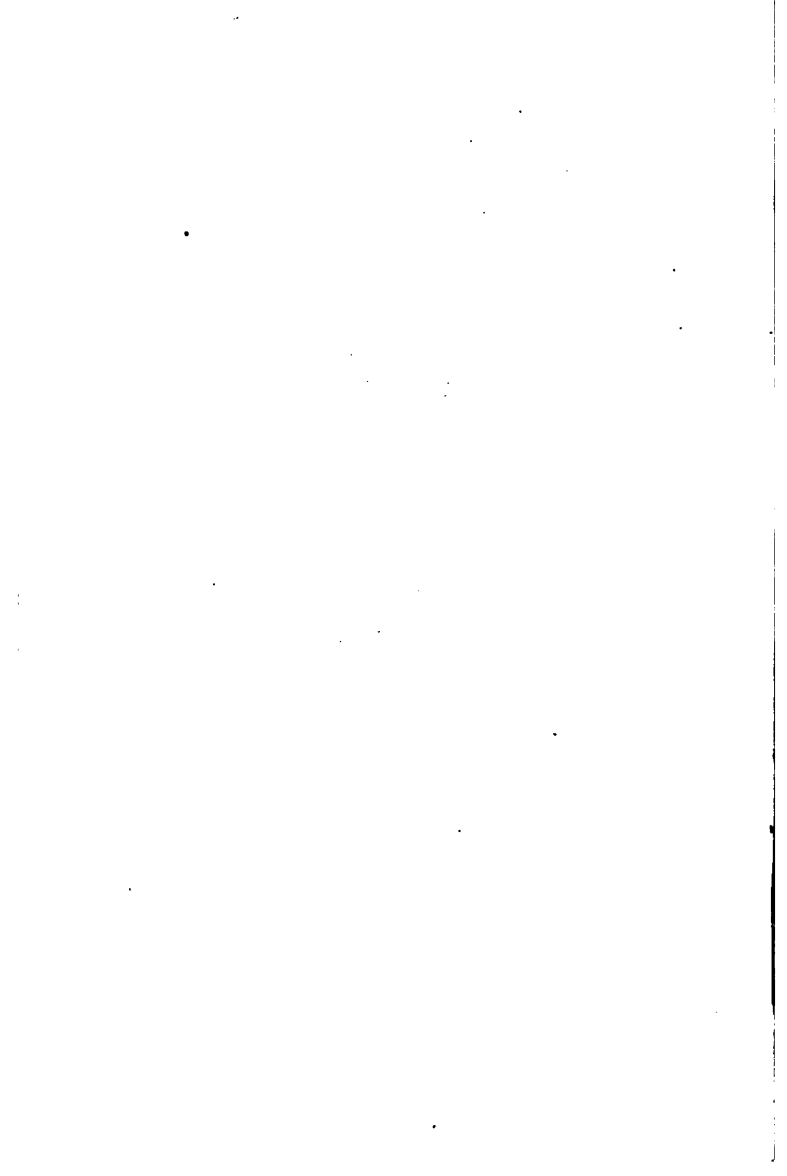
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GREAT BRITAINES
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*BEWAILED WITH A SHOW-
ER OF TEARES.*

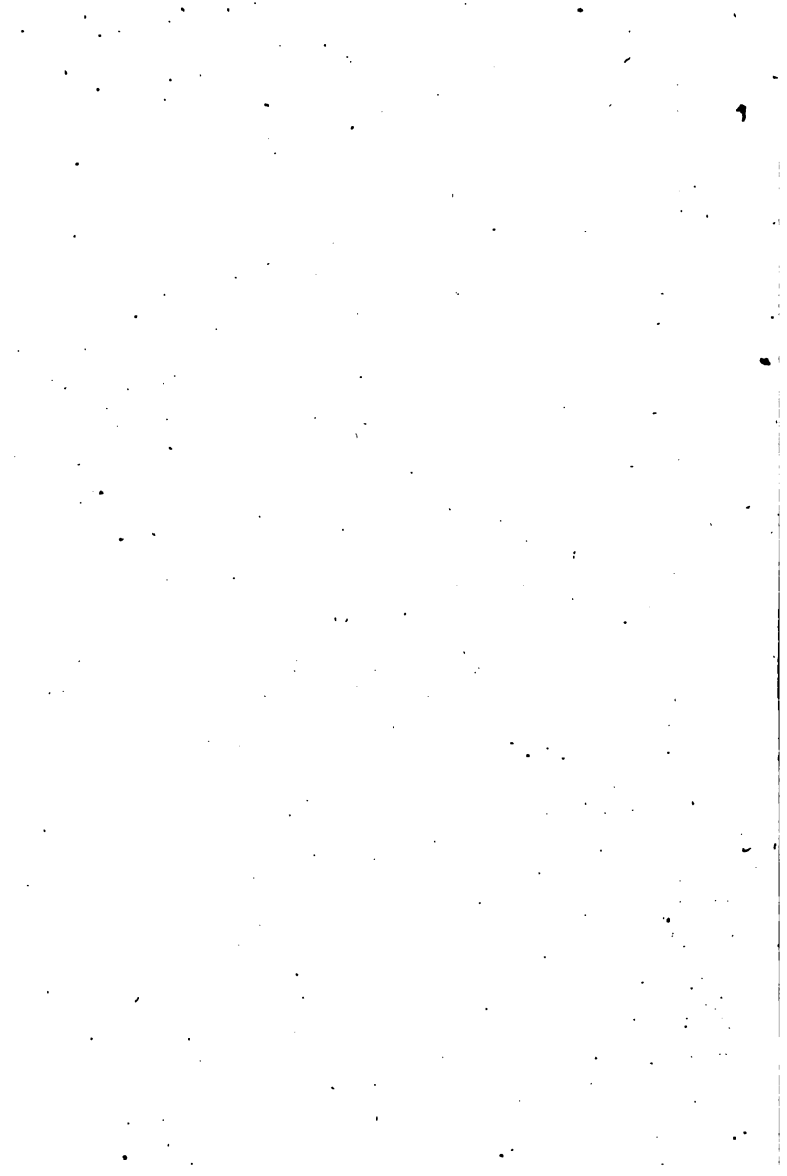
BY

WILLIAM BASSE.

AT OXFORD,
Printed by Ioseph Barnes. 1613.

FACSIMILED BY W. H. ALLNUTT.

OXFORD. 1872.



GREAT BRITAINES
SUNNESSET,

BEMOILED WITH A SHOW
ER OF TEARES.

BY

WILLIAM BASSE.

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TO HIS HONOURABLE
MASTER S^r RICHARD
WENMAN *Knight.*



(1)

A Soule ore-laden with a greater Summe
Of ponderous sorrow then she can sustaine,
(Like a distressed sayle that labours home)
Some object seekes, where to she may complaine,
Not that (poore soule) hir object can draw from
Hir groaning breast th' occasion of hir paines
But overcharg'd with Teares shee (widow-like) bestowes
Vpon hir best friends cares, some children of her woes.

A 2

Not

(2)

Not (like as when some triviall discontents
First taught my raw and lucklesse youth to rue)
Doe I to Flockes, now vtter my laments,
Nor choose a tree, or streame, to mourne vnto:
My waightier sorrow now (Deare Sir) presents
These her afflicted features to your view. owne)
Whose free and noble mind (wert not this grieffe your
Would to my plaints be kind, if I complain'd alone.
But

(3)

But such true arguments of inward woe
In your sad face, I lately haue beheld,
As if your teares (like floods that overflowe
Their liquid shores) alone, would haue excell'd
This generall *Deluge* of our eyes, that so
Sea-like our earth-like cheekes hath over-swelPd:
As if your heart would send forth greatest lamentation,
Or strue to comprehend our vniuersall passion.

A 3

And

(4)

And as th' occasion (Sir) may iustly moue
To maid-like sorrow the most man-like heart:
So may your griefe (to your beholders) proue
The iustice of His grace, and your desert.
For teares and sighs are th' issues of true loue:
Our present woes our former ioyes imparte.
He loues the living best, who for the dead mournes most:
He merits not the rest, who noc laments the lost.

To

(5)

To you I therefore weep; To you alone
I shew the image of your teares, in mine;
That mine (by shewing your teares) may be show'n
To be like yours, so faithfull, so divine:
Such, as more make the publique woe their owne,
Then their woe publique. such as not confine
Theselves to times, nor yet forms frō examples borrow:
Where losse is infinit, there boundlesse is the sorrow. ○

A 4

(6)

O let vs (*Musi*) this heavynesse (that no
Iust heart, vnclert, at one time can sustaine)
By fittes, and preparations vndergoe:
Let's feare, let's hope: tremble; and hope againe.
O, let vs this dysastrous truth ne're know;
But rather deafe and stupefied remaine:
For happier much it were, the hearing sence to loose,
Then loose all sence to heare such an vnhappy newes.
Like

(7)

Liketo a changeling (in his sleepes) become
Rob'd of his sexe, by some prodigious cause;
I am turn'd woman: watriſh ſaeres benumbe
My Heate: my Masculine exiſtence thawes
To teares, wherein I could againe entombe
His tombe, or penetrate hir marble iawes:
But, O, why ſhould I twice entombe him! O what folly
Were it to pierce (with ſighes) a moniment ſo holy!
Here

(8)

Here then run forth thou River of my woes
In ceaselesse currents of complaining verse
Here weepe (young Muse) while elder pens compose
More solemne Rites vnto his sacred Heate.
And, as when happy earth did, here, enclose
His heav'nly minde, his Fame then Heav'n did pierce:
Now He in Heav'n doch rest, now let his Fame earth fill;
So, both him then posses'd : so both possesse him still

Or,

(9)

Or, like a *Nymph* distracted or vndone
With blubber'd face, hands wrong, neglected haire,
Run through moist Valleys, through wide deserts run
Let speech-lesse *Ecco* *eccho* thy dispaire.
Declare th' vntimely *Set* of *Brittaines* *Sun*
To sorrowing Shepheards : To sad *Nymphes* declare
That such a night of woes, his *Occident* doth follow
That *Day* in darknes clothes, and mourner makes *Apollo*.
But

(10)

But of his partes thinke nott' expresse the least
Whom Nature did the best in all things forme.
First, borne a *Prince* (next to his *FATHER*) best;
Then, Fram'd a *Man*, to be, as he was borne:
Beaury his youth beyond all others blest,
Vertues did him beyond his youth adorne. (ciesz
What Muse, what voice, what pen, c^z give thee all thy du-
O *Prince of Princes*, m^e, youth, wildd, deeds, & beauties-
Fat^{ts}

(11)

Fates, that so soone beheld his Fame enrould,

Put to his golden thred their envious sheeres:

Death fear'd his magnanimitie to behold,

And (in his sleepe) basely reveng'd his feares.

Time, looking on his wisdom, thought him old,

And laid his rash Sythe to his Primeſt yeares.

Stars that (in loue) did long t' embrace so faire a myrrour

Wink'd at Fates envious wrong, Death's treason & Times

(errour.

○ *Fates*, ○ *Time*, ○ *Death*, (But you must all
Act the dread will of your Immortall G v s D E)
○ *Fates*, How much more life did you appaule,
When you his lively texture did divide?
○ *Time*, when by thy sythe this *Flow'r* did fall.
How many thousands did'st thou wound beside?
○ *Death*, how many deaths, is of that life compacted,
That from all living breathes, his only death extracted.
How

(13)

How many braue Deedes ha's the wounded wombe
Of Hope, mis-carryed, now, before their time?
How many high designes haue seene their doome
Before their birsh, Or perish'd in their Prime?
How many beauties drown'd are in his tombe?
How many glories, with him, heav'ns do clime?
How many sad cheekes mourne, Him laid in Earth to see
As they to earth would turne, his Sepulcher to be.

Like

(14)

Like a high Pyramis, in all his towers
Finish'd this morning, and laid prostrate soone;
Like as if *Night's* blacke and incestuous howers
Should force *Apollo's* beauty before Noone:
Like as some strange change in the heav'nly powers
Should in his *Full* quench the refulgent *Moon*:
So *H*is, his daies, his light, and his life (here) expir'd
New-built, most (*Sū-like*) bright *Ful Mā*, & most admir'd.
But

(15)

But HEAV'NS, Disposers of all *Life and Death*,
That our p'ied pride, and wretched liues mislike,
Tooke HIM that's gone (from vs) to better breath
Vs that remaine, with (death from him) to strike.
His flower-like youth here, there more flourisheth,
His graces then, are now more Angel-like.
Those glories that in Him, so shone, now shine much more
Our glories now are dim, that shin'd in him before.

A

And

(16)

And thou faire *He*, whose three-fold beauties face
Enchants the Three-fork'd *Scepter* of thy *Lover*,
That with thine owne eyes drown't thy lap, the place
That his enamour'd armes and stremes would cover:
Make true and two-fold vse of grieffe, That grace
My wick affliction now, it selfe discover.
These teares thou dost begin, to shed for *HENRYES* sake.
Continue for thy sinne, which made Heav'n *Henry* take,
THAT

(17)

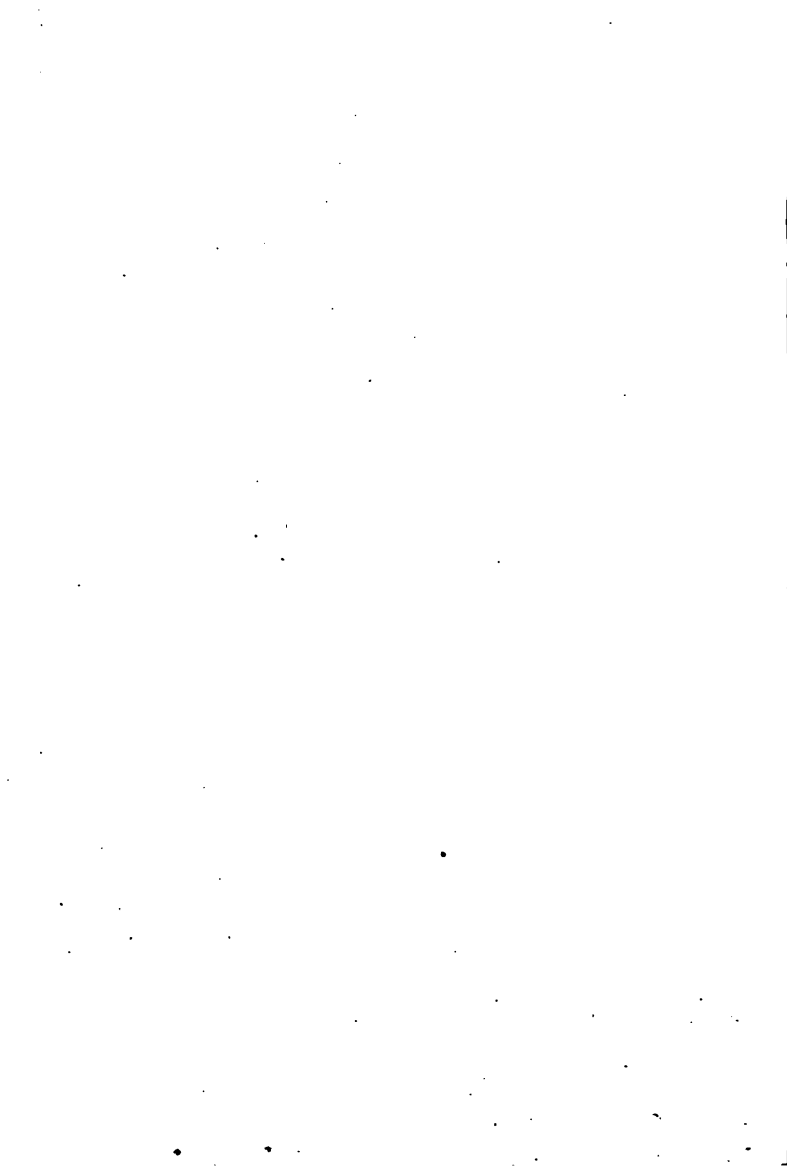
That thy iust IAMES, who hitherto hath sway'd
Thy Scepter Many-fold, and ample Frame,
Many more ages, yet, may Iste obey'd
T' enlarge thy glories, and to yeeld the same
Divine examples vnto CHARLES that made
HENRY so noble, and so great in Fame.
For who but such a King, as He, can such another
In place of *Henry* bring? who match him but a BROTHER.
B 2 And

And neighbour Lands to whome our moanes we lent
 May to our greater losse no w lend vs theirs.
Florence hir old *Duke* mourn'd but we lament
 A greater then a *Duke* in flowing yeares.
Spaine for a *Queene* hir eies sad moisture spent:
 We for a Prince (and for a Man) shed teares. (Smarted;
 But *France* whose cheek's still wet, nearest our grieft hath
 For she from *Henry* Great; wee from Great *Henry* parted.
 And

(19)

And thus, As I have scene an even, showre,
(When *Phœbus* to *Iones* other splendent heyres
Bequeath'd the Day) downe from *Olympus* powre.
When Earth in teares of Trees, and Trees in teares
Of Mountaines wade: Like some neglected flowre
(Whose sorrow is scarce visible with theirs)
Downe to my silent brest my hidden face I bow:
My *Phœbus* in his Rest, hath hid his heav'nly brow.

FINIS.



A MORNING AFTER MOVRNING.

Let me no longer Presse your gentle eies,
 Be'ing of themselves franke of religious teares:
 But Ranch these streames with so lacs from the Skies;
 Whence *Hymes* deck'd in Saffron robes appears.
 Let *Henry* now rest in our memories,
 And let the *Rest*, rest in our eies and cares. (ning
 Now He hath had his Rites, Let Those haue their ador-
 By whose bright beames our Night of mourning ha's a
 (morning.

And now (*my Muse*) vnmasque thee : And see how
 A second *Sonne* in *Henries* place doth shine.
 See *Five* great *Feastes* all meete in one Day, now.
 Our *MARR* keeps his *Sabaoth* most divine.
Isis and *Rhene* are ioyn'd in sacred vow;
 And faire *Elixæ's Frederiche's Valentine*.
 The *Court* in ioy artires hir splendent brow :
 The *Country* *throne*; And all in mirth combine.
 Five-times be hallowed, The Day, wherein, *G o d* rests,
Saints triumph, *Princes* wed: & *Court* & *Coutry* feaste's.

FINIS.

One hundred copies

